

JEFFERSONIAN DEMOCRAT.

RICHARD JACOBS,

JUNE 1.

TERMS.

JEFFERSONIAN DEMOCRAT published every Saturday, at Three Dollars per annum, in advance. Persons who will procure five subscriptions forward the amount, (\$15,) shall be sent a sixth copy gratis. Advertisements will be inserted at the following rates: For every seven lines or less, five cents; for every line over seven, ten cents; for every line over twenty-five, fifteen cents, payable in advance. Long advertisements, every seven lines or less, inserted as follows: Three months \$3 00 Six months 5 00 One year 8 00 Advertisements not marked with the number of lines, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly. Candidates for office, five dollars, in advance. Persons on business with the office, to ensure promptness, must be paid for free. No money may be sent by mail at our risk, if a bill is first taken from the postmaster. Work must be paid for on delivery.

TO A GRIZZLY BEAR.

O, madam, are you there? I must own, I've long'd to see a bear. Some pains have sought occasion, too; the spectacle is rather near, the poet's meaning very clear—distance lends enchantment to the view! Stupendous madam, stand at ease;—hang all ceremony—pause! Gentle bear, and pause off if you please; don't be too affectionate, because, I do admire your graces, don't aspire to your embraces! Oh! you're coming—are you? Muzzle! Good-bye to Madam Grizzle!

PHAZMA.
Bluffs, September, 1843.

FOR THE JEFFERSONIAN DEMOCRAT. KOSCIUSKO MALE AND FEMALE ACADEMY.

Editor:—Having understood that the session commences another session Monday in February next, under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Emmons, I deem it an act of justice to refute charges made against the principal, well known fact, to most of your readers, that, at the close of the session in January, Mr. Emmons was looked upon as an efficient and able person "to teach the idea how to shoot," by the parents of the region, and was fairly worshipped as a father for their children. But, alas! the "mighty have fallen," in the course of a few short months, in the estimation of the community. Because, they say, he was a dancing master to occupy the up-room for the purpose of giving lessons. This is a fabrication that must certainly fall to the ground, and those who have been so long in promulgating such statements, have made themselves acquainted with the statement of the facts as follows:—Mr. Gainus, the dancing master, appointed by Mr. Emmons for the use of the room for the purpose of exercising his school, when he was told by him, (Mr. E.) that he had control over it, as it was in the hands of the "Kosciusko Thespian Society," when he came here, and had never referred to him. Mr. Gainus, from the presence of some of his scholars, that would be no harm in so doing, took advantage of making use of the room for the purpose of dancing, without the least permission from those, who are now foremost in crying against dancing, and Mr. Emmons for allowing it in the Academy.—Are they so active in their denunciations at this late period? Did they not show and amusements of all kinds by their presence? Did they not approve of dancing at the Examination, by looking on, and allowing their daughters to participate in the same on the occasion? Most certainly aware of the course pursued by Mr. Emmons in regard to the dancing school, it is consistent with my views of him. As a competent and able teacher, he has received the support of an entire community. He has been among the first in his studies, and reward given to his deserts by sending our children to his school—such is the opinion of a PARENT.

Jan. 10, 1844.

"The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people."—Constitution of the United States.

KOSCIUSKO, MISSISSIPPI, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1844.

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

NUMBER 1.

TRIAL OF THAT "OLD COON." THE PEOPLE, vs.

The Universal Whig party, ALIAS "that same Old Coon."

[This suit was instituted in 1841, for indemnity for losses sustained by violation of contract on the part of defendants, and for the recovery of certain rights and immunities, obtained by them under false pretenses, in 1840. The prisoner was brought into court under a writ of habeas corpus. His physical appearance was haggard and emaciated in the extreme. His eyes rolled wildly, and the general contour of his countenance exhibited a guilt which no affected innocence could conceal; a restive spirit and a dogged despair, which no assumed nonchalance could effectually suppress. His habiliments hung loosely and in tattered fragments about his person. His hat was somewhat antique in its style—very much like those worn in the days of the elder Adams; the "black cockade" was still conspicuous. His linen was originally flannel, but now it was considerably soiled. His coat was of "many colors," with a strong preponderance of red, and of a cut so very peculiar that it could be worn either end up, or either side out. His "inexpressibles" were also "inexpressible," though by the prism of scrutiny they might be divided into as many elements as at least as Parson Miller divides his beast. He was barefoot, and his pedal extremities were considerably lacerated by the thorns he had been traveling on for the last three years.]

A jury of twenty-six was empanelled, when the prisoner was thus addressed by the court:

"You Old Coon:—You are arraigned before the highest tribunal of your country, charged with the commission of some of the most flagrant offences under the cognizance of human law. Inflexible justice, ever jealous of her prerogatives, demands of us, her chosen instruments on earth, the strictest scrutiny into the truth of the enormous allegations now resting upon you. Mercy, in her ethereal essence, even now hovers over this august assemblage, and, in deepest commiseration for your wo-begone aspect, pours forth her lachrymal flood in copious profusion.

The quality of mercy's not restrained; It droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven Upon the place beneath.

Yet

Though earthly power doth then show likest God's, When mercy seasons justice.

The majesty of human law will often require assistance to her pathetic pleadings;—and a sacrificial offering upon the altar of inexorable justice.

"Hear, now, the indictment, which, tho', embracing many counts, may be summed up, in this:

"For riotous and disorderly proceedings against the peace of the state and the welfare of its citizens—for constructing, or causing to be constructed, many unseemly vehicles, and imparting thereto, by means of horses, mules and jackasses, an unwonted and unnatural locomotion—for singing unseemly and uproarious melodies, on divers occasions, to the infinite amusement of fools, and to the great annoyance of men of sense—for breach of promise in instances too numerous to mention—for vending, giving away, and otherwise disposing of coon meat for roast beef, and for 'kicking up a row generally.' 'Guilty or not guilty?' to this charge you will respond."

The prisoner was heard feebly to respond, "not guilty."

Witnesses for the prosecution were then introduced. John Smith was duly qualified.

Question by the Court.—Do you know the prisoner at the bar?

Answer.—I do.

Court.—You will proceed to state, as clearly and correctly as possible, such knowledge of the prisoner's character and habits as you may possess.

Witness.—The prisoner and myself were born about 1760. Of the first 16 years of our life it is not necessary to speak. In 1776, in a little difficulty we had with some of our neighbors, he was sometimes found among the "armed neutrality." However, he soon changed his name, and mounted the cockade you now see on his hat, as an emblem of his principles. In 1812, he was heard to say that it was "unbecoming a moral and religious people to rejoice at the victories of our arms." Since then, he has experienced many changes; and in 1840, he passed the chrysalis, and appeared what you see him now—the Universal Whig party, alias that same Old Coon. I was present when he played all the antics specified in the indictment, which I believe to be true.

John Jones examined, (not John B.)—I am a farmer. I know the prisoner at the bar. I became acquainted with him in 1840. He came into the field where I was at work, and introduced himself as the friend of the "dear people." I had never seen him before.

fore. He left me several pamphlets, among which were "Clay's Treatise on the rise of Real Estate;" "Call on Bloodhounds;" "Botts on Negro Testimony;" and "Ogle, on Gold Spoons;" I read them all; and, for the sake of a "change," I give "three times three" for "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." But I pretty soon found out I was sucked in—for hard times became harder; real estate depreciated; produce fell almost to nothing; seldom would sell for that; and never for cash; and further the witness knows not.

Jack Wilson examined. I am an old sailor; I know the prisoner as well as any "old salt" does the fogs of Newfoundland, or the rocks of Scylla. He gave me this book more than three years ago. [Here the book is produced, which proves to be "A Dissertation on Verdant Tow-paths and Umbrageous Lakes, by Solitude Ewing, corrected and improved by copious notes and important additions on seamen's pay and rotten navies, by the Whig committee of Vigilance; Horace Greely, printer, 'Log Cabin office,' New York, 1840."]

Witness continued: I read this book, and shiver my timbers if I've had a good breeze since. Patrick O'Blarney examined. My name's Patrick O'Blarney—to be shure it is; and was'n't it born in ould Ireland that I was, before I ever came to this fray country at all? Me mither, (the Lord bless her, and all iv her children, which is myself; for me sisters—I never had any, and me only brother was only a cousin, after all)—me mither, as I was saying—

[Here the court suggested that the testimony was rather irrelevant, and checked the witness's loquacity, by asking him if he knew the prisoner.]

Is that what ye'd be after knowing?—Thin, by the powers, isn't it sorry that I am that I ever saw the crathur? When I lived with me old mither in Billougha ivery blessed day giv us breath and prates enough; and niver in this fray country did July, my darlint, and I ate "head and pluck" and bane soup for breakfast, and dinner, and supper, till this spalpeen of a "Coon," as they call him, promised me "two dollars a day and roast bafe," if I'd raise the shillalah for "Typ and Ty," niver at all, at all.

Here the evidence for the prosecution closed.

Several witnesses were introduced by the defendant, but their testimony was overruled by the court, as they were known to have been particeps criminis in this transaction. The case was briefly summed up by the State's Attorney, when John M. Botts Esq., made an elaborate argument for the defence. He confessed that the crime had been perpetrated, but contended that an alibi could be easily proven; or, if this plea should not be received, that the more fashionable one of insanity might be urged. He closed with a pathetic appeal to the jury and court in mitigation of the offence and punishment, inasmuch as the Old Coon was in bad health, and might not long survive.

When he had concluded, the jury, after a short consultation, returned a verdict of guilty.

The prisoner was deeply affected when the verdict was pronounced—

And scalding tears each other chased, Like pumplings down a hill.

With much emotion, and solemn dignity, the judge proceeded to pass the sentence of the law:

"Old Coon: In the pursuit of my judicial functions, I have ever found it a task most painfully severe to pronounce upon the guilty culprit the rigorous sentence of a violated law. But though your unfortunate condition may powerfully appeal to my softer nature, for commiseration and mercy, yet the stern demands of inexorable justice must be executed, and the majesty of the law vindicated, by visiting its whole chastisements upon the incorrigible offender.

"You have been arraigned, tried and convicted for sundry unseemly, unlawful, and mischievous demonstrations, at divers times and in divers places, against the peace and the dignity of the state, and for miscellaneous and incorrigible rowdiness in general; and it only remains for me to pronounce the sentence of the court, and for you to expiate your many crimes in condign punishment. Have you any reason why sentence should not be pronounced against you?"

[The prisoner remarked almost inaudibly, that he was only "playing possum," and he hoped the sentence would be a mild one.]

The Judge continued: "You are commanded to be taken from whence you were bro't, to be kept at the rack, on short allowance, till the 4th of March, 1845; when, if till then you survive under your sufferings and disgrace, you will be taken from your durance vile, and thrown headlong into the waters of the Lethe. And may you have a short and comfortable passage to the land of forgetfulness."—Fredericksburg Recorder.

The upper Mississippi is closed, with ice.

THE UNEXPECTED FRIEND.

"It must be my child!" said the poor widow, wiping away the tears which slowly trickled down her wasted cheeks. "There is no other resource. I am too sick to work, and you cannot, surely, see me and your little brother starve. Try and beg a few shillings, and perhaps by the time that is gone, I may be better. Go Henry, my dear, I grieve to send you on such an errand, but it must be so."

The boy, a noble looking little fellow of a about ten years, started up and throwing his arms about his mother's neck, left the house without a word. He did not hear the groans of an anguish that was uttered by his parents as the door closed behind him; and it was well that he did not, for his little heart was ready to break without it. It was a by-street in Philadelphia, and he walked to and fro on the side walk, he looked at one person and then at another, as they passed him, and the longer he waited, the faster his courage dwindled away, and the more difficult it became to beg. The tears were running fast down his cheeks but nobody noticed him, or if they did, nobody seemed to care; for although clean Henry looked poor and miserable, and it is common for the poor and miserable to cry!

Every body seemed in a hurry, and the poor boy was quite in despair, when at last he espied a gentleman who seemed to be very leisurely taking a walk. He was dressed in black, wore a three-cornered hat, and a face that was as mild and benignant as an angel's. Somehow when Henry looked at him, he felt all his fears vanish at once, and instantly approached him. His tears had been flowing so long, that his eyes were quite red and swollen, and his voice trembled—but that was with weakness, for he had not eaten anything for twenty-four hours. As Henry with a low faltering voice, begged for a little charity, the gentleman stopped and his heart melted with compassion when he looked into the countenance of the boy, and saw the deep blush which spread over his face, and listened to the modest humble tones which accompanied his petition.

"You do not look like a boy that has been accustomed to beg his bread," said he kindly laying his hand on the boy's shoulder; "what has driven you to this step?"

"Indeed," answered Henry, his tears beginning to flow afresh, "Indeed I was not born in this condition. But the misfortunes of my father, and the sickness of my mother, has brought me to necessity now."

"Who is your father?" inquired the gentleman still more interested.

"My father was a rich merchant of this city; but he became bondsman for a friend, and he was entirely ruined. He could not live after this loss, and in one month he died of grief, and his death was more dreadful than any other trouble. My mother my little brother, and myself, soon sunk in the lowest depths of poverty. My mother has, until now, managed to support herself and my brother by her labor, and I have earned what I could by shovelling snow and other work that I could find to do. But, night before last, mother was taken very sick, and she has since become so much worse"—here the tears poured faster than ever—"I do fear she will die. I cannot think of any way in the world to help her. I have not had any work to do for several weeks. I have not had the courage to go to any of my mother's old acquaintances, and tell them that she had come to need charity. I thought you looked like a stranger sir, and something in your face overcome my charm and gave me courage to speak to you. O, sir, do pity my poor mother!"

The tears, and the simple and touching language of the poor boy, touched a chord in the breast of the stranger that was accustomed to frequent vibrations.

"Where does your mother live, my boy?" said he in a husky voice, "is it far from here?"

"She lives in the last house in this street sir," replied Henry. "you can see it from here, in the third block on the left side."

"Have you sent for a physician?"

"No sir," said the boy sorrowfully, shaking his head. "I had no money to pay for a physician nor for the medicine."

"Here," said the stranger, drawing some pieces of silver from his pocket, "here are three dollars, take them and run immediately for a physician."

Henry's eyes flashed with gratitude—he received the money with a stammering and almost inaudible voice, but with a look of the warmest gratitude and vanished.

The benevolent stranger immediately sought the dwelling of the sick widow. He entered a little room, in which he could see nothing but a few implements of female labor—a miserable table, an old bureau, and a little bed which stood in one corner, on which the invalid lay.

She appeared weak, and almost exhausted; and on the bed at her feet sat a little boy crying as if his heart would break.

Deeply moved at this sight, the stranger drew near the bedside of the invalid, and feign

ing to be a physician, inquired into the nature of her disease. The symptoms were explained in a few words, when the widow, with a deep sigh, added, "O, sir, my sickness has a deeper cause, and which is beyond the art of the physician to cure. I am a mother—a wretched mother. I see my children sinking daily deeper in misery and want, which I have no means of relieving. My sickness is of the heart, and death alone can end my sorrows; but even death is dreadful to me, for it awakens the thought of the misery into which my children would be plunged if—"

Her emotion choked her utterance, and the tears flowed unrestrained down her cheeks. But the pretended physician spoke so consoling to her, and manifested so warm a sympathy for her condition, that the heart of the poor woman throbbed with pleasure unwonted.

"Do not despair," said the benevolent stranger, "think only of recovery and of preserving a life that is so precious to your children. Can I write a prescription here?"

The poor widow took a little prayer book from the hand of her child who sat with her on the bed, and taring out a blank leaf, "I have no other paper," said she "but perhaps this will do."

The stranger took a pencil from his pocket, and wrote a few lines on the paper.

"This prescription," said he, "you will find of great service to you. If it is necessary I will write you a second. I have great hopes of your recovery."

He laid the paper on the table and left the house. Scarcely had he gone when the elder son returned.

"Cheer up, dear mother," said he, going to her bedside and affectionately kissing her—

"See what a kind, benevolent stranger has given us. It will make us rich for several days. It has enabled us to have a new physician, he will be here in a minute. Compose yourself, dear mother and take courage."

"Come nearer, my son," answered the mother, looking with pride and affection on her child, come nearer, that I may bless you. God never forsakes the innocent and the good. O may He still watch over you in all your paths! A physician has been here. He was a stranger, but he spoke to me with kindness and compassion that were a balm to my heart. When he went away he left that prescription on the table: can you read it?"

Henry glanced at the paper and started back—he took it up, and as he read it through again and again, a cry of wonder and astonishment escaped him.

"What is it my son?" exclaimed the poor widow, trembling with an apprehension of she knew not what.

"Ah, read mother! God has heard us."

The mother took the paper from the hand of her son, but no sooner had she fixed her eyes upon it, than "my God!" she exclaimed, "it is Washington!" and fell back fainting upon her pillow.

The writing was an obligation from Washington, (for it was indeed he,) by which the widow was to receive the sum of one hundred dollars, from his own private property, to be doubled in case of necessity.

Meanwhile, the expected physician made his appearance, and soon awoke the mother from her fainting fit. The joyful surprise, together with a good nurse with which the physician provided her, and a plenty of wholesome food soon restored her to perfect health. The influence of Washington, who visited them more than once, provided for the widow friends who furnished her with constant and profitable enjoyments, and her sons, when they had arrived at the proper situation, they were not only able to support themselves, but to render the remainder of their mother's life comfortable and happy.

Let the children who read this story remember, when they think of the great and good WASHINGTON, that he was not above entering the dwelling of poverty, and carrying joy and gladness to its inmates. This is not fictitious tale, but it is only one out of a thousand incidents which might be related, and which stamp him one of the best of men.

A Profligate.—A Cincinnati paper relates the following anecdote of a young gentleman of the South, who has expended a large fortune, money, land, negroes, everything, in a course of intemperance and profligacy. He had just paid a last year's grog bill of 800 dollars; one day he was walking in the street very leisurely, when seeing a physician on the opposite side, he wanted him to come over. "Doctor," said he, "I wish you'd just look down my throat." "I don't discover any thing, sir," said the doctor, after looking very carefully. "You don't?" said he, "why that's strange; will you be kind enough, sir, to give another look?" "Really, sir," said the doctor, after a second look, "I don't see any thing." "Not? Why, doctor, there is a farm, ten thousand dollars, and twenty negroes gone down there!"